

# THE WESLEYAN

*Ad Astra per Asperum*

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## Foreword

*Hail, ye mother tongue!*

*Although we slight you often in the haste and bustle of the modern civilization, slurring your melodies into undistinguishable syllables, clipping your g's and rolling your r's, nasalizing your most limpid vowels, and twisting your high and noble expression into sordidness and slang,—still we love you.*

*It was through you that we first learned to express our ideas. It is in your beautiful simplicity that we shall make our last wants known.*

*Though we may have searched classical literature and explored the modern romance languages in our efforts to find cleverness and subtleness of phrase, we have never yet discovered in them so beautiful, so powerful, so connotative and so lovable a word as our dear old English, home.*

*For the "high seriousness" and majesty, for the beauty and exquisiteness, for the depth and height of your language, we thank you.*



## Contributing Editors



HE freshman class is well represented in this month's issue. Though a freshman mind produced that charming, decidedly individual article titled "English, Men and Maids," it would do honor to the pen of even a senior. Miss Clark Ramsey is to be complimented on this composition. "Mr. Robin, Jr." by Miss Bernice Bassett also boasts a freshman as its creator, a freshman of much promise as a successful writer. Miss Elmina Chambers, a town girl and a freshman, is the author of "Memories", which is cleverly and skillfully written.

Upholding the reputation of the senior class as a class of an unusually large percentage of talented writers, Miss Sara Jenkins, the author of the sketch, "Mlle. Sylvestre," and the poems, "Empty Spaces" and "To Time," needs no introduction to the readers of any of our college publications. It need only be remarked that her stand-

ard is high and that she always reaches it. Miss Frieda Kaplan, another literati of the senior class, keeps up her loyalty to the Wesleyan with her contribution "The Splendid Curiosity," an artistic criticism of "Kubla Khan."

Miss Elizabeth Peck adds one more star to the crown of literary genius of the seniors. "Constancy" is the name of her thoughtful poem.

Miss Mary Eunice Sapp and Miss Sarah Additon reveal the promise of the junior class. Miss Sapp's "Aunt Cornelia" has a universal appeal while "Danger" by Miss Additon treats realistically a more serious theme.

The episode from the pen of Miss Martha Brown of the conservatory has a delightfully surprising outcome.

A feature of this issue is the Georgia letter from Ben F. Cheek, Jr., which contains many interesting facts as well as an original type of humor and piquing thoughts.





## English, Men and Maids

By CLARK RAMSAY

Every Wesleyan girl would approve of a proposal like Curly Locks:

"Curly Locks, Curly Locks,  
Wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash dishes  
Nor yet feed the swine.  
But sit on a cushion  
And sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries,  
Sugar, and cream."

No doubt girls who crave a single, carefree life would enjoy a godmother with the Cinderella instinct and pocket-book. But life is not all skittles and beer. In fact, to avoid getting just the dregs, a girl needs a sound heart and head. If she wants a man and his heart or a man and his money, to get the right one, or even near the right one, she must be a good chooser, and a good loser as well. If, on the other hand, our sweet girl graduate agrees with Bobby Burns when he said that all lover's tales end in lover's parting with the sad words,

"Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly  
Never met—or never parted  
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Now she needs more than the home girl, a steady heart and hand because this girl, this future old maid, will have to make her happiness with her own hand.

Now both of these girls, with so different ideals in life, can begin preparing for their respective callings while they are in college. They can study English. Oscar Wilde, from his cell in Reading Gaol, after having experienced almost every thing that this world offers, said that there is no difference between crime and culture. Trusting my quality credits will come in like the proverbial ship, I assume the sophomore's wisdom, and say that there is no incongruity between English, old maids, and wives.

English, of course, represents Wilde's culture, but I dare not say who is the criminal, the wife or the old maid. At any rate a dose of English culture is the key to both of their happinesses.

The girl who looks forward to a life of wedded bliss will need her English in selecting, obtaining, and keeping her husband. If, bewitched by her moonlit beauty, he raves forth at length on her Cupid's bow mouth, her starry eyes, her raven hair, her swan's neck, she will never take his offered hand. Our brilliant Wesleyan alumnae will realize that they are trite expressions of a shallow mind. She can see in her English-wise mind, her would-be husband counting octagon soap coupons to buy her a Packard, and she will never marry him.

If our fair innocent graduates attracts the perfect man, she can pull her engagement ring on her finger and drag him to the altar very tactfully by a proper understanding of her college English course. If he evolves too slowly from the violet to the orchid stage she can gently prod him on by harking to the poetic experiences of Burn's, Browning, and Byron. When, at last, the marriage ring is on her finger, she can prolong that first happiness if she softly chants Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese. Mrs. Browning said they were very effective with Robert, and guarantees them to all young brides. A happy honeymoon is promised if the new husband is assured, "There is no one beside thee and no one above thee

Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings!

And my words that would praise thee are but impotent things

For none can express thee, though all should approve thee

I love thee so, dear, that I only can love thee."



However, I would not advise using the second stanza which ends, "I love thee so, dear, I only can leave thee." But it would do very well after her first quarrel.

If the English course causes the Wesleyan student to haunt the library shelves, and love the rows and rows of books, she will probably have found this letter of dismissal by a young French woman of noble birth.

"You whom I love so dearly. No one is master of his own heart. You know that. It was your reason for loving me. We did not guess that it would be my reason for not loving you if there is a reason—or if indeed I no longer love you. At least I have loved you with every hope and thought and wish, very perfectly, very wonderfully.

"The least I can do now is not to deceive you, who have loved me. Do not come then at your accustomed hour. Why should I deny myself to you now? Do not make me do it. Let us say good-bye this way, for it would hurt me always to hurt you too much. Remember me as kindly as you can. For years from now, no, all my life. I shall think of you as I do now, as the noblest man in France."

Having dismissed this man we shall dismiss all men and turn to the old

maids and bachelor girls. Girls always stay single because they are ugly ducklings or want a career. It is terrible to have a hideous face and a beautiful heart—but there is balm in romances and poetry. And though Cinderella came back to her cinders, the ball was certainly marvelous—and though the dreamer always comes back to earth, dreamland is certainly worth the trip.

To the bachelor girl English is not consolation and heart balm, but necessary as food. If she becomes a poet, wearing vivid smocks in a futuristic apartment where young bohemians flock to drink Russian tea, she must "get her exact word" (a phrase well known to the freshmen) and must have a supply of word paint to rate as a young intellectual. If she splashes color on a canvass in a New York studio, she needs vivid expressive words for conversation to create an artistic atmosphere. If our Wesleyan alumna becomes a writer, her novels will be better sellers if she knows English literature from Shakespeare to Carl Sandburg, from Dickens to O. Henry.

So Wesleyan girls if you want to be married, if you want to be single, study English. The seniors with the biggest engagement rings majored in English.





## To Time

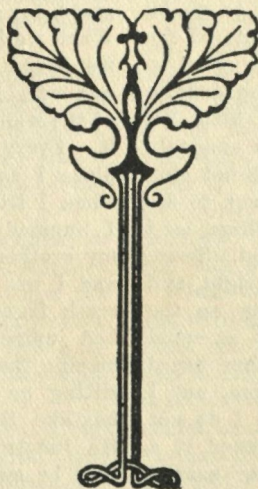
### LAGGARD

*Laggard Time, with low-bowed head  
Bound wimple-wise and patient figure draped  
In gray which dyes itself from evening blue to purple  
As it lies behind her in the gloom,  
Drags each unwilling foot  
From marble step to marble step  
And pauses for an eon on each,  
Tapered fingers white against gold bannisters*

### HOYDEN

*A breathless moment seems an age  
For very blaze of color—orange, green, vermillion—  
While Time aflame stands poised  
On tingling toes and glances down the marble stairs  
Then, scarcely touching every step in passing  
She flies on wings of gossamer reflecting all the glory  
Of prisms on their golden surfaces.  
She comes, all lovely, then, is gone.*

—S. L. J.





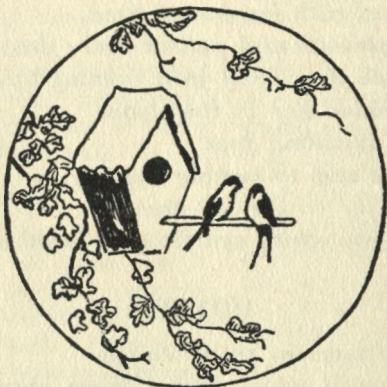
# Mr. Robin, Jr.

By BERNICE BASSETT



My first recollection is of being very hungry. Evidently my three brothers were hungry too, for they were crying and pushing me about until I could scarcely breathe. Soon my mother came to us with food, and how we snatched at it! For the first few days we were hungry all the time. Mother would bring us food and once in a while father would bring us some dainty.

After a few days I began to get tired of staying at home. It was too crowded, and, besides, I was curious to know what was outside of the nest. Early one morning when mother and father were gone, I told my brothers that I was going to leave and cordially invited them to go with me. Since they were not so ambitious as I, I had to go by myself. I hopped upon the side of the nest and looked around to see what to do. I will admit that I had no definite plan in mind and I was a little bit frightened, because the world suddenly looked so large. But I could not stop then—I was ashamed to go back to my brothers. So I moved my wings, as I had seen mother do, and started. Somehow, things did not work just right, and in a few seconds I was lying on the grass—as scared a little robin as could possibly be. Mother and father heard my cries and tried to help me, but I was too heavy to be carried. I do not know what would have happened if a kind lady from the big house nearby had not come and lifted me back to the nest. That evening father gave me a very stern lecture, but I was too sleepy to listen.



Sometime later, all four of us learned to fly and then, what fun we had! Mother taught us to find our own food and we often vied with each other to see which ones could find the most worms. Mother also showed us a large basin of water on a pedestal in the yard. After that we splashed around and played in the water every day.

In spite of the results of my first experience in curiosity, I was still anxious for adventure. One day a brother and I found one of the windows of the big house open. Mother and father were not near and no people were in sight so we flew in.

There were some very strange things in that room. We saw something thick and green on the floor. We hopped down on it, but it must not have been grass, for we could not find any worms. When we had walked all over this stuff, we began flying around the room. I was very much puzzled about one side of the wall and I still do not understand it. Every time I glanced toward this place I saw another robin. However, when I tried to go up to the stranger I bumped into the wall. Meanwhile, my brother had been flying around also, and I was suddenly startled by a loud crash from his side of the room. He had jumped down on something white, making the curious sound, and was now sitting on the top of the big, black, box-like thing above the white place. He jumped down once more and this time he made such a noise that he was afraid to try it again. Just then mother flew to the window calling us and made us go home.

It was now beginning to get cold.



Every day families of robins would come and sit in the big tree next to ours. Our family soon joined this group and a few days later we left home. Mother told us we were going to fly to a place where we would be warm.

We younger robins enjoyed the trip a great deal. It was fun to fly over all the houses, fields, rivers, and streams, and to look down on them from the air. Once in a while we would pass over big cities, but we avoided them when possible.

One night we stopped in a large grove of cedar trees. I remember we had a fine feast on the berries before we went to sleep. About the middle of the night we were awakened by voices and found ourselves surrounded by glaring lights that blinded us. Frightened, we tried to fly away, but, since we could see nothing, we had to fly at random. I managed to reach the top of a tree where I found a few other robins already perched. When we looked down from above, we could see several men who were beating down the robins with big sticks.

There was nothing for us to do but wait until morning. When light finally came we found that only about fifteen of us were left. Two of my brothers were missing.

We flew on again for two more days. By now the weather was warm and mother told me we were in the South. Several of the robins then left, and it was not long before I lost track of the rest of my family.

I settled down and made my home on the outskirts of a little town where I lived the rest of the winter. For the first part of the winter I loafed around quietly, for it was so warm and good food was so plentiful that I was quite lazy.

Toward the last of the winter I met and fell in love with Robinette. She lived in a tree not far from mine and we became good friends. She seemed to me to be the prettiest little robin I had ever seen and I was so afraid that some other robin would gain her

affection that I took her berries and other presents every day.

One evening when I went to visit Robinette I saw her standing on the grass trying to get a worm, and behind her—my blood seemed to freeze!—was a great white cat stealthily creeping up. At first I did not know what to do. Then I made my plan. I jumped down directly in front of the big cat and attracted his attention; at the same time I called to Robinette to fly to safety. The cat lunged toward me and just missed me as I flew into the air. It was really quite easy, but for a while afterward I was only too glad to sit in the tree beside Robinette and rest.

I continued to court my little sweetheart for several days longer. Then one day a big robin flew up to me and told me to stop visiting Robinette. I refused to do so, of course, and we had a fight. I do not know exactly how it all happened, but I defeated my rival. The next day Robinette became my mate.

By this time there were certain signals in the air that told us Spring had come. My mate and I came north and decided to build our nest in an apple tree near a pretty country home.

When we had chosen the place in the tree, Robinette began bringing grass, roots, and mud, and she soon had a large, round nest built for our home. A few days later we had three little blue eggs.

For a week I had to play and sing by myself, for Robinette had to stay on the nest. I would sit near her and sing and talk to keep her company.

When our eggs hatched into three awkward babies that not even Robinette could call pretty, our work began. We had to carry food so much of the time, that we were not at all sorry when the babies could leave the nest. But before the babies left we had a scare. Robinette and I had been strolling around on the lawn when suddenly we saw two little children looking into our nest. They had climbed the tree and were now leaning over watching the baby

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## A Midnight Race

By MARY BRANK SLATON

Tap, tap, tap.

"Whoa, Prince!" The country doctor jerked the reigns of his horse. He could not even see the floor of his light two-wheeled cart for it was one of these inky, dark nights, when even the air seems black and the dense, heavy atmosphere is maddening. He saw nothing as he looked all around.

"Well, Prince, old boy, I guess I was asleep. Get up! Not very much farther until a clean stall for you and a feather bed for me."

No sooner had the horse started than tap, tap, tap,—three gentle slaps came on his shoulder.

"Whoa, Prince!" Again he brought his horse to a sudden stop. He listened, but heard nothing but the lonely call of a night bird to its mate. He peered out into the darkness, but only the silent shadows mocked his searching glance.

"Get up, Prince!" Again the patient horse moved forward.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

"Whoa, Prince!" The doctor put out his hand and felt the stick of thorny bushes.

"Well, Prince, its a good one on me. We are in the ditch and these beastly briars seem to be ripping my coat. Get up, boy!"

Carefully he pulled the horse over to the other side of the road. Still came the persistent tap, tap, tap, tap. He put his hand up to remove the briar from his coat and something cold and hard touched his hand.

"Get up, Prince!" The horse went faster, the taps came faster until they were no longer taps, but blows.

Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind—the 'Possum Hunters! For many months the enraged miners had been guarding the road at night and molesting the travelers. The organization, 'Possum Hunters, had first been a labor union to try to bring peace

between the owners and the operators of the mines. During the last few weeks many crimes had been in the name of this secret band. Dr. Brown thought of the stories he had heard. How they padded their horses' feet, rode silently behind their victims and with steel whips several feet long beat them until they were forced to surrender. He seized his whip from the socket.

"I'll give them a chase."

He gave the horse a stinging blow. The horse lunged forward. Faster and faster came the blows on his shoulder.

"Why did I not carry the revolver as my wife asked me to do!"

Again he struck his horse, thankful that he had been trained for the race tracks. The blows were getting harder and harder. The horse was fairly flying and the blows were getting more terrific. A warm trickle of blood ran down his back. Surely they would not follow him in to the village. They were not usually so bold.

He passed the livery stable and saw a dim light within, but he dared not stop. He could see his own driveway, but he dared not look behind him. He slowed the horse for the curve in the road.

Would they follow him into his own barn?

He drove into the large shed, glad that he had had the electric switch put where he could reach it with out getting out of the buggy. Maybe a sudden flood of brightness would give him some advantage over his enemy. He turned in the seat, looked behind him, and at the same time pulled the switch. Behold! there was nothing but darkness behind him. He could not believe his eyes. He climbed down and examined the cart.

Hung to the hub of the wheel was his briar, his ghost, his 'Possum Hunter—only a long piece of copper wire.



*Gray*

*The steady dripping steely drops  
Of winter rains.  
The misty rolling clouds of fog  
Upon the plains.  
The dully gleaming polished glow  
Of silver stuff  
Since aeons hammered out by hands  
Of smithies rough.  
The meek and placid drooping wings  
Of any dove.  
The glint of ladies' eyes which knights  
Have bent above.  
The sheen of cobwebs and the silk  
Of attic lace.  
The steadiness of pivot bars  
Within their place.  
—All these are gray.—*





# Danger

By SARAH ADDITON



O, he shall not do it. I forbid it. Do you hear me?" and John Barfield banged his fist against the table with all his might and glared at his two sons. Cecil trembled a little and looked steadily at his feet. Carl looked nervously about him and finally answered:

"It is too late to do anything now, father. Ralph was wise enough to tell us nothing about what he was doing until he left for France."

"Wise enough! bah, he is nothing but a child and does not realize the folly of his decision. After all my trouble to see that neither of you were drafted, that baby jumps out of the cradle and enlists. He had not entered my mind for he is only a child and is below the draft age. To think that I should see a boy of mine throw away his life on a fool's war that is none of our business! We will never see him again, for, boy-like, he was looking for danger and is in the air service. Danger, that was all he talked about and now he will get his heart's desire. When children leave home like that what is this world coming to?"

Again Carl interrupted, "Father, do think what you are saying. Ralph is eighteen and fully able to look after himself, much more so than Cecil is at twenty-one. He will come back to us safely and we will be proud of him."

"You, too, yes you would go with him if you dared. If you could be sure of having your share in the business, I could not hold you here now. Well I am glad there is something to hold you. So you think we shall be proud of him because he has no sense? All bosh, he has gone into too dangerous



a field for that. We shall never see him again. Are you proud of suicides?"

Carl gave up the case as hopeless. They had been arguing for an hour since news had come of his younger brother's departure for France. How he wished he might change places with that brother who was braver than he! Ralph had always been the only one in the family who ever dared oppose their father. Carl started guiltily as he thought of how he

had allowed his father to get him exempt. He had been perfectly willing at the time. There was really nothing wrong in what he had done but he wanted to go too, now. He had been cheated of excitement all his life. What he wanted could not be found in every day life. What did he want? His father had given him the word, danger, something that would break the monotony of a wealthy man's life. He wanted all these things, but he had obeyed his father's every wish until he was afraid to try for himself. He was worse than Cecil, for Cecil did not even want excitement. Nothing ever moved him.

There were days, weeks, and even months of what he considered second hand excitement, but he got his share of that. He read every word about the war in all the newspapers. He rejoiced every time the Germans fell back and wept over each retreat of allies. His heart was in France and on the battlefield, but his body remained obediently in the United States to do his father's will. He hated himself, and yet he made no effort to go. He did his part and more over here but his heart would not accept that as an excuse.

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# Aunt Cornelia

By MARY EUNICE SAPP

**B**EFORE the dying embers of the library fire I sat deeply enthralled in a new volume of modern verse, so deeply enthralled, in fact, that I was entirely oblivious of the outside world in general and the necessity of replenishing the library fire in particular.

But from my dream world a series of short staccato raps on the library door called me back to a mundane existence. The rapping growing louder and more frequent, as if the person standing outside were rapidly losing her patience, I reluctantly abandoned my dreams to open the door which I had locked a short time before to keep a little whistling wind, that plays sometimes in our front hall, from opening.

It was only Aunt Cornelia who was on her annual visit to our house. Aunt Cornelia is mother's aunt, too, but she really isn't as old as it sounds because she was Grandmother's youngest sister. With her waving hair piled high on the top of an assertive little head, with her brown eyes challenging one to disagree with her, with her trim figure and petite hands, and with her fluffy, lacy clothes and old jewelry, she reminds one vaguely of



"Beauty in the days of old,  
When maids were fair  
and knights were bold."

Daintily picking her way across the room, daintily lifting her skirt just a trifle, perhaps to show the tiny little feet hidden beneath her billowing skirt, she seated herself in the chair I had drawn up for her. Mother entered before Aunt Cornelia had time to divest herself of the numerous wraps which

she wears, so she assures those who seem amazed at such Polar-Zoneish preparations for a simple afternoon ride, "for protection against the inclemency of the weather, my dear." To her the weather is never pleasant, being either too hot or too cold, too dry or too rainy, always inclement.

"Martha!" she exclaimed to Mother, "This child has actually allowed the fire to go nearly out while she reads! It's a wonder she doesn't go into a decline reading so much. Cousin John, you remember Cousin John, don't you? He was your mother's second cousin on her father's side—well, Cousin John had a daughter just as foolish about reading as Mary Eunice and, Martha, that poor child went into a decline and

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## Empty Spaces

*I went out to the far empty spaces  
Beside the deep blue lake  
Under the whispering pines to be alone.  
I sank my head into the tall cool grass  
And looked up to the blue serene;  
Then, suddenly there was no empty place  
For all the universe was filled with God.*

—S. L. J.



## Memories

By ELMINA CHAMBERS



WAS very much surprised when I woke up about an hour ago in these strange surroundings. I went to sleep in my own nest last evening, in my usual bed among those of the other ants in my hole. All night I dreamed that I was traveling, but had no idea that I was really taking a long journey till I awakened and found myself in a large glass case. From tales that old ants have told me, when they had returned to our colony after a long absence, I judge that this case belongs to a scientist. I cannot understand why he puts us here, watches our movements for a while, then puts us back in our colony—my whole nest is here with only a few cracks marring its former perfection—the other ants are still asleep, but they will soon realize that our daily routine is to be interrupted for a while—maybe forever.

Under ordinary circumstances I would be stirring around now and beginning my daily work, but, being here, I can lie still and think of the past and wonder what the future will bring—my first recollections are connected with my family nest in which I spent my early life. I will never forget how proud and happy I was on the day that I became a perfect ant and heard those around me saying, "He's a fine fellow." I had passed safely through the three periods which precede the time when an ant becomes perfect. I had hatched out of my egg fifteen days after it was laid; I had been through the period of lava for one month; and after the period of the pupae I had, with the help of others, become a perfect ant. For the first few days of my life I was not allowed to crawl out of my own hole, but, when I was a week old, I visited every nest in our colony. I noticed that my family's nest was the finest of all, and I asked my mother the reason for this.

She said, "Your father is king of this colony; therefore he has the best home. You also belong to the finest race of ants. We are called the Fornican race, and we grow to be the largest ants in the world." How proud I was to live in the finest of nests, to be the king's son, and to belong to the largest race of ants!

The days of my early life passed swiftly. Each morning there was work for me to do. The older ants would either keep me at home to teach me how to do the necessary work there or take me out with them to teach me through observation how to hunt. I spent the afternoons playing games either with the other young ants or with my caterpillar friend. The caterpillar had been adopted by my colony on the day that I was born. Therefore, we always had a peculiar devotion for each other, and I had a great deal of pleasure crawling up and down his back and tickling his nose. For these reasons and, because I was much smaller than my brothers and sisters, I enjoyed and preferred playing with the caterpillar.

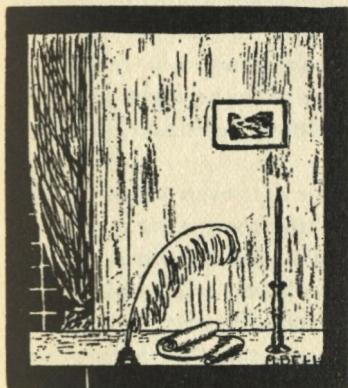
After I had lived thus for about three months, I was large enough to assume the responsibilities of an older ant. My life, from then until now, has been full of events. One morning in the late spring the farmer on whose land we lived plowed through our colony while he was getting his field ready for planting. Many of the ants in our colony were killed. I and the rest of our family were not hurt, but our nest was destroyed. The occupation of building a new one kept us busy for a long time, but in the end we had one finer than our last. We were very proud of it. After our nest was completed, it was necessary to build new roads. This kept us out in the hot sun all day. It was especially hard on me because I

(Continued on page 35)



# EDITORIAL

## *No, Mr. Mencken*



SOMEWHERE back in the shadowy stages of our memory we think that we heard of a gentleman, born South but living North, who made sundry remarks about a tidal wave which might sweep from one end of the Southern States to the other. The conclusion or inference of his remarks was we believe, that the world would not know the difference, or, plainly speaking, would not feel the loss after said tide had completed its ravages.

Not meaning to dispute with so distinguished an authority, we nevertheless take issue.

Suppose a tidal wave should come along and sweep away the Southern record as well as the Southern present achievements. Where should we be? Consider alone the field of English literature and writing.

First of all, we should be without our national anthem; for the "Poet of the Flag" was a Southerner, Francis Scott Key.

Having been deprived of our national anthem, we should next be separated from one of the most famous American contributions to literature, the Southern negro. Try doing without the Uncle Remus tales of Joel Chandler Harris. They are to the childhood of the world as necessary as Grimm's fairy tales; that is, if he is a well-brought up child with his full share of joy and fun.

An anthemless nation deploring a childhood deprived of the joys of Uncle Remus would be called upon next to weep for the adults, were Mencken's tidal wave to materialize. For what grown person doesn't enjoy the detective story so essentially modern and appealing? Who gave it to us? None other than Edgar Allen Poe, who, although he may have been born in Boston, claimed—nay, was even proud to claim the South as his home.

Then, last of all, try to deprive a nation of its idealistic dreamers. "Where no vision, the people perish." Sidney Lanier gave to poetry and to lovers of poetic thought and composition a new vision, a breadth of technique, a scope of subject matter, a lyric beauty of versification that has yet to be surpassed by an American writer.

No, Mr. Mencken, we who love the highest and best in American literature, have slight objections to the influx of a tidal wave over the past record of the South.



## *English---As Is*

FROM the time when our baby lips forced out "Muv-ver" till now when three, four, and five syllables flow in one breath from our language trained lips, English as spoken has not caused us any loss of sleep. We have been able to make our wants known; we could pour out the secrets of our hearts into ready ears without thinking of the exact word, the syntax, or the harmony of the sentences; we could "murder the king's English" with impunity. We have even dared to talk in conferences, in recitation, and in friendly intercourse with our "lit" teachers with perhaps just one little thought that we were taking our lives in our clumsy hands and perhaps our "dips" out of the reach of our eager fingers.

We could do all this because we have taken note that even the most eloquent, the most literary person, and the speaker of the most correct English have adopted at least one colloquialism. We seem to have decided that, if this man or that woman with their fluency of speech can add vitality and freshness to their expression by the use of a few non-literary phrases, we can lay aside all the accepted standards of speaking our mother tongue and yet keep untarnished its capacity for expressing our thoughts and feelings satisfactorily.

Through this reasoning, or rather this lack of reasoning, we are losing a jewel for which we are clamoring even now. Many times have we heard sententious talks from the chapel stage and expressed the impression made on us by, "That was a nice speech, wasn't it?" We have realized that this remark failed to satisfy our minds which still yearned for adequate expression. Again, we have seen a girl, attractive in appearance and personality. We said, "Isn't she cute?" or "She's perfectly darling!" We have used words that have come to mean anything, everything, and, consequently, nothing. We did not give to the speech or the girl their distinctive charms.

"English as is" is not all bad. But the thoughtless, random use of it has brought it almost to stagnation and fixity of language. Strange to say, this result is especially due to the young people who are in high school and college. Among them exaggerated, colorful parlance is universal. In the vivid tones of youthful voices these expressions may perhaps convey something of the thought that inspires them, but it is a ruinous process.

These young people are studying the literature of American and England and skimming the whole span of writers who have molded their thoughts into artists' expression of English. The rhythmical prose of De Quincey, the precision of wording of Poe and Tennyson are the kind of influences they are being subjected to.

Less and less will our language express if we, the youth of the nationality, do not assimilate some of the best expression of it and establish it as custom to keep our mother tongue as spoken as completely expressive as it has been in the past and is now.



## *The English Laboratory--"Pa'llel"*

"Pa'llel!"

Pronounce it that way, the extreme South Carolinian "a," the intensely Georgian ignoring of the "r," the delightfully Southern elision of the other "a," and you have a peculiar Wesleyan word.

Rolled in such fashion from the liquid and musical tongues of students of the "Oldest and Best," it can, nevertheless, inspire dread and horror in the heart. For the student always pronounces it with a little upward slant of the eyebrows and a downward inflection of the voice which betray weariness and some disgust with the world in general. And the listener is always obliging enough to sigh sympathetically and to murmur, "Too bad, isn't it?"

But why should college students in general and Wesleyan students in particular feel thus despairingly about parallel work. If they were not asked to read the works, they would delight in doing it. Reading Willa Cather's "One of Ours" or "The Professor's House" is a pastime until it is required in parallel. Then it becomes a necessity and, as Mark Twain has it, "Work is what we are obliged to do; play is what we are not obliged to do."

Parallel is not or should not be the bugbear of the English student. It is the laboratory, his workshop, where he experiments just as surely and as systematically as the chemists and the botanists. What good is a lecture on copper sulphate unless it is supplemented by an experiment with the little blue crystals? What use is a discourse on Tennyson as a spokesman of the Victorian era unless the student reads for himself "The Princess" and "In Memoriam"? The astonishing thing about objections to parallel is that works are assigned and are bemoaned over even when they are as familiar to the American household as the Lares and Penates were to the Roman hearths. Having been brought up with that delightful English gentleman, Henry Esmond; having been lulled to sleep by melodies from "The Princess"; having been awakened by the song from "Pippa Passes"; having been bred in the atmosphere of "Sesame and Lilies," of "Sartor Resartus," and of "Compensation," students yet object to reading Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle and Emerson as "pa'llel."

Surely stranger than fiction is truth.

But the fact remains that an objection to a parallel assignment by a student majoring in English is equivalent to a remonstrance on the part of the day laborer at having his tools sharpened. It is the refusal of a cook to own an improved electric range; it is the scorn of a surveyor for instruments of measure; it is the superiority that a carpenter feels to his lathe.

Take from a "lit" student her "pa'llel" and you take from her the scientific laboratory in which she may study and analyze and experiment with words until she can produce some new gem of English that the world will "not willingly let die."



## Mlle. Sylvestre

By SARA JENKINS



Mlle. JEANNE SYLVESTRE, my vaudeville program commended her, Singer of Snappy Songs. I groaned inwardly and wondered if she could possibly be as poor as the three acts which had preceded her. I knew in my own mind that she could be no worse. Even in a day of miracles some things are impossible. I yawned behind my program and knew that, if I had had any place to go while waiting between trains except the cold and ill-kept station, I would not have tortured myself thus.

The curtain went up and, in spite of the very French name of the lady, she looked typically American from her pale marcelled and bobbed hair to her exceeding high French heels. I watched her critically as she entered with a stiff dance step mainly because I had nothing better to do. The slim boyish figure, the sea-green evening dress falling just to her knees, and the smooth arms and face proclaimed her to be all of sixteen. It was her neck which held my fascinated gaze. Into my flippant mind there sprung a bar of music which I had not heard in years. The words to that bit were, "Her neck is long and stringy." A generous estimate gave me her age as fifty-five. Mlle. Sylvestre was no longer a girl. Even the shining brilliants about neck and arms could not distract my eyes from the incongruity of the Mlle. Sylvestre of sixteen and the one of almost sixty.

The songs were all snappy. The dance step progressed but grew not one wit less stiff. I listened through three songs, with dialogue interspersed, to a voice with the faults of both concert and vaudeville singer. I am not a musician myself, but it was being borne in upon me more and more forcibly that the vaudeville in a small southern town was not the most entertaining way of whiling away a few hours. At last, when I knew I could bear no more, the act was finished and the lady had retired. I was grateful.

There was no flood of applause, only a mere sprinkling, but Mlle. Sylvestre again made her appearance, this time wearing a broad smile. She bowed and nodded to her accompanist and began again.

The voice rose and fell. She was singing, perhaps not as well as one could have wished, but with real feeling, a chorus from French. She was too old to ever sweep the world off its feet, but her whole heart was in the French words. The dancing of a moment ago was forgotten, and her movements were graceful and real. On to the end of the long chorus the weary old voice progressed, then ended. I knew suddenly that I would never forget Mlle. Sylvestre.

The curtain went down. Again there was a slight flurry of applause. I was surprised to find that my cheeks were wet.



## The Even Tenor Of Its Way

By ALBERTA BELL



PAIR of large patent oxfords with their high lights fitting back and forth on them as they unsteadily but continuously toed in, then out and a swing's length farther a pair of small pink satin pumps placed close together and planted so firmly on the floor that they seemed determined never to move—that was all that was in the light that escaped from the half open hall door and streamed on the porch.

That was all the little figure in the flower bed saw as she stretched to tip-toe height and strained yet higher over



the level of the porch floor, but it was enough to make her release her clutching grasp on the bannisters and double up her fists and shake them viciously in the direction of the pink slippers.

"But, Dorothea, what can it be that you demand of me before you can do more than just tolerate my company?" came in gruff plaintive-

ness from the side of the swing nearer the edge of the porch, the flower bed, and the eager face between the bars of the railing.

"Of course, nothing more than any  
(Continued on page 42)

## Constancy

By VIVIAN PINSON

*The sky is like a lovely garden  
In which the flowers dance and nod.  
They whisper secrets to the breezes  
As soft they touch the fragrant sod.*

*These clouds are new-bloomed hollyhocks,  
So dear to all young belles and beaux;  
Those yonder are the pinks and whites  
That grow down where the brooklet flows.*

*The colors change as each new breeze a season brings,  
And as the dying winds through all the treetops moan,  
Within this garden now ablaze with royal hues,  
The Twilight leads King Night and crowns him on his throne.*



# The Alumnae Department

By SADYE JOHNSON



IN order to revive the spirit of patriotism of every Wesleyan alumna from the graduate of 1860 to the graduate of 1925, the Alumnae Department planned an all Wesleyan day to be observed during the Spring Holidays. Of course, that spirit of Wesleyan never dies down in any Wesleyan girl, but the older alumnae need to be drawn together with the present Wesleyan girl and to be shown that they are still a part of the old college. Wesleyan may have changed curriculum, faculty, and plans of administration but that same spirit which our graduates felt and inspired still abides within its walls.

How happy it must make them to know we have that word "Wesleyan"

written on our hearts just as they had and that we love them because they are our sisters! We owed it to them to observe this "All Wesleyan Day" with them. They are Wesleyan. Wesleyan's fame depends on her daughters and those daughters have gone out into life to make a wonderful success chiefly because they grasped the spirit of Wesleyan and know that she is a representative of our Alma Mater.

Miss Eunice Thomson has written the following skit, "Betty Ann Jane at the Oldest and Best," which traces the Wesleyan girl through three generations. It was first presented to the Macon Alumnae Association and met with great success.

## BETTY ANN JANE AT THE OLDEST AND BEST

The skit is to be read from the side of the stage by a reader. The characters do not speak, but perform the actions indicated in the reading as they are read.

Three characters: Betty Ann, her mother, her grandmother.

Costumes: According to styles of the three periods like drawings.

Scenery: Dormitory room at school—two beds, table, chairs, dresser, tennis racquet on wall.

The bell in the tower up Wesleyan way

Was saying that classes were o'er (If possible have bell toll in distance)

And from French-room and lab. and from history class

Streams of girls were beginning to pour.

And the freshman, of all the four classes in school

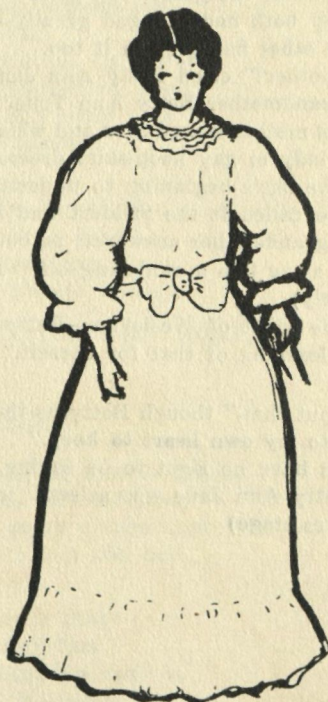
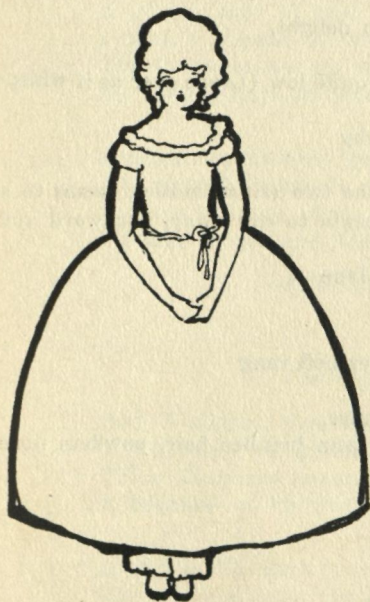
Was the largest, of course it was plain.





And the reddest-haired, peppiest freshman of all  
And the greenest was Betty Ann Jane!  
But she cared not a whit, and she used to remark  
"Well, I'm not the first girl anyway  
Who was ever a blundering freshman in hopes  
Of becoming a senior some day."  
In her room Betty Ann for a moment sat down  
On the edge of her white iron bed, (Sits down, and leans head on hand dreamily)  
And she **should** have been studying English, I guess  
But she started day-dreaming instead.

And the battered brown bureau grew misty and dim  
And Betty could not decide  
Just at first whether she could be dreaming or not,  
When the door, all at once, opened wide,  
And the dearest of hoop-skirted maidens stepped in (Grandmother enters)  
And ran up to the long looking-glass,  
And hurriedly powdered her tip-tilted nose (Runs to mirror and powders nose)  
Just as Betty did before class!  
And the tower bell clanged in its hourly way,  
And the maid, with a glance at her hair, (Bell rings again)





Grabbed up hoop-skirts and notebooks at once in her hands  
And flew, with her chums, down the stair! (Takes books from the table and leaves  
very hurriedly)

"Only think," pondered Betty Ann then to herself,

"In spite of her quaint-looking clothes,

I am sure that she came once to Wesleyan too,

And she roomed in this room, I suppose."

She had hardly stopped thinking, when through the doorway

Came another girl, laughing and gay, (Enters Betty Ann's mother

And her dress was quite long, and her almost-red hair

Was arranged in the funniest way!

And she acted, for all of the world, just as if

It was her room—before you could think

She had seized Betty Ann's racquet from off of the wall (Takes racquet from wall)

And vanished as quick as a wink!

Thought Betty, "She looks like the lady with hoops,

And their eyes are exactly the same.

I do wish they'd come back—there is one of them now (Betty's grandmother  
stands in door)

Then the lady with hoops came again to the door (Betty's mother comes to grand-  
mother and puts arm around her)

And she paused for a little while there.

And Betty Ann saw, standing close to her side

The girl with the golden-red hair.

And they both had changed greatly—one head was quite white

And the other had grey in it too.

"It is mother!" cried Betty Ann Jane with delight,

"And grandmother Betty Ann True."

And then mother leaned over and whispered quite low (Leans over as if whispering)  
To the lady in gay hoop-skirt dressed.

"I believe she's beginning to understand why

We have called it the "Oldest and Best."

Betty's grandmother answered, as both of the two (Grandmother seems to speak)

Slipped away like a vanishing elf, (Then begin to slip away, backward and very  
slowly)

"And the spirit of Wesleyan—Betty Ann Jane

Is now learning of that for herself."

"I will put that," thought Betty as the dinner bell rang

Deep into my own heart to keep."

And you have no right to be saying, I'm sure,

That Betty Ann Jane was asleep! (Betty Ann brushes hair, powders nose, and  
leaves stage)



## Wesleyan

I watch thy towers 'gainst a sunset sky,  
And put the image in my heart to keep;  
In days to come, when I am far from thee,  
I'll take it out and find contentment there.

The days I've spent within thy gracious walls  
Have woven fast a spell about my soul,  
Compounded half of days I never saw,  
And I can fancy that before my eyes  
There stand dim shades who once thy daughters were.  
I love thee for thy past, O Wesleyan!

And now comes knocking gaily at my heart  
Another group; they laugh and bid me come  
And live again my happy college days  
With them within thy kindly shelt'ring walls.  
Thy present holds thee to me, Wesleyan,  
And I would keep thee as I've known thee here!

But soft! A vision comes and beckons me—  
And now I see another Wesleyan!  
A golden haze of mist half shrouds its spires;  
I catch a glimpse of them through many trees.  
Thy future makes me wish that I could pass  
My college days at Greater Wesleyan!

I watch thy towers 'gainst the sunset sky  
And put the image in my heart to keep;  
In days to come when I am far from thee,  
I'll take it out and find contentment there.

—REBEKAH OLIPHANT ANTHONY, '23.

## Alma Mater

Hail Wesleyan, thou emblem of all that is grand,  
The noblest, the greatest in all our fair land,  
Thine ideals are honored, thy name always blest,  
A fountain of knowledge, the oldest and best.

A star in the dark is thy glorious past—  
For ever and ever, thy glory shall last,  
Up holding thine ideals, thy daughters shall be  
True, faithful, and loyal, dear Wesleyan, to thee!



# GEORGIA LETTER

Universitas Georgiae,  
Athens, Georgia,  
20 February, 1926.

To the Girls "In the Heart of Georgia":

Or, should I say, the Girls **after** the heart of Georgia? Whether you be **in**, **after**, or **of** our hearts,, we send you the heartiest greetings and best wishes.

Although our school was established half a century before yours, we both claim a similar distinction: you of being the oldest women's college, we of being the oldest state university. We are both campaigning for a better status on which to rest our respective institutions. We are in full sympathy with your "Greater Wesleyan" movement, and hope to see the final fulfillment of this great program. Will you not lend us your support in our campaign to pull this old University out of the ancient ruts molded by our forefathers a century ago, and to give it a standing that will compare favorably with that of other state universities? Our bill is now before the Legislature and will, if passed, breathe a new spirit of energy, of achievement, of LIFE—into the youth of the whole State.

Whether it proceed from truth or mere supposition, the Northern thinkers and students severely berate our poor educational attainments. To read such severe denunciations as are written by Mencken and others and to hear the scoffs of the northern students should fill every Southern student with a burning zeal and desire to bring his institution up to the higher standards. The college spirit and the true spirit of education is as deep-rooted here as anywhere. We are embarrassed only by a lack of support and not by an inborn desire to be ignorant. Dr. Carl Van Doren finds a keen-minded, eager and enlightened youth here and sees tremendous strides in Georgia education. His view seems to beckon us to greater educational activities.

Wherever there is a restriction of Academic Freedom, our youth and education suffer in the same manner that civilization and progress suffer when people become impervious to new thoughts and ideas. To insure the greatest mental development and initiative in educational centers, there must be a freedom of thought: freedom for the professor who has devoted his life to the study of his chosen subject; freedom for the student in order that his thinking may be pure, unbiased and impartial, and that he may choose those studies which give him an opportunity to utilize to the greatest extent his native gifts and capacities. For, is not the purpose of college to give the world the benefit of the professor's research, and to develop the power of original and constructive thought in the student? What profiteth the world if the student think only the thoughts of his ancestors? Thought and progress have always prospered when they were most nearly allied with the creative forces of youth.

We, of the younger generation, are the subject of much censure by our elders. The youth of every age has been looked upon as radical and irreligious, and the elders have predicted many and divers calamities. Considering the fact that the world has been going to the dogs with every rising generation since the canine terminus was first discovered, it is surprising how seldom it gets there.

Particularly have the vulgarity of our manners and the laxity of our morals been upbraided. This is because the actions of our generation are all open and above-board, not because they are more vulgar and lax than those of other



generations. Notwithstanding popular criticism, the modern girl with three pounds of clothes is far superior to her great grandmother who wore thirty pounds. Her bobbed skirts and short hair are more sensible and healthier; her "modern" use of cosmetics is only 5,000 years old; her "modern" flappish vamping is only 5,000,000 years young.

Underneath the seeming frivolity, there is an idealism overlooked by a myotic older generation. Unequivocal seriousness, sobriety, and practicality mark this younger generation when it is confronted by the real problems of life. If youth has now and then plunged blindly along blind roads, so has age wrought incalculable evil by inquisitions and oppressions aimed to check the march of mankind in its natural advance.

The spirit of our generation is one of independence, of self-reliance, of achievement. Let us, then, think out our problems, our lives, our destinies, in accord with this wonderful spirit, unfettered by tradition, convention or superstition.

With all best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

BEN F. CHEEK, JR.

## *The Sunset*

By ELIZABETH PECK

*Alone I seek the paths we used to roam  
With noiseless step on green, clean-smelling fern.  
Today I splash through brown dry rustling leaves  
All grimy sweet; but you I find at every turn.*

*I watch the creek that wasted summer days  
Cavorting to a bubbly, frothy tune.  
So old and cold and calm it speeds,  
And finds no joy in play—but you sing still of June.*

*At least the stars we loved remain the same;  
I'll find them in their well-known orders ranged—  
But unfamiliar groups stare coldly down.  
Still naught is changed to me, for you are still unchanged.*





# A Splendid Curiosity

By FRIEDA KAPLAN



IN the wonderful fragment, "Kubla Khan," the record of an opium dream, Coleridge grasps the real secret of the charm of the work by making it truly a "dream," a "vision." This dream-like quality becomes the very stuff of the poetry; it is its source of power and charm. Perhaps the close shows signs of incoherence, but the first part is a super piece of Romantic imagination, reminiscences from various sources, a combination of his life's experiences and his wealth of reading fused into a very real piece of unreality.

The airy, unsubstantial quality of the poem gives the impression, at first reading, that there is no thought matter present, but a closer study shows that, although reflection and reasoning may be absent, thought most certainly is not. The poem is so charged with suggestion that at each touch it transports the reader into a world of the dreamer-poet's making. Each shading of the colors, each modulation of the rhythm presents that world in a new light, and the reader's mood finds itself forced, step by step, to follow the ever-changing mood of the poet. One is carried to the ethereal heights of Paradise, a Paradise of exquisite color, music, and perfume blended into a fantastic dream.

"Kubla Khan" is expressed with an unusually fine sensuousness. There is a general sense of color diffused throughout the poem, which, though artistic, is somewhat intangible. It is impossible to lay a finger on anything more definite than

" . . . . . forest ancient as the hills,  
Enclosing sunny spots of greenery."

Coleridge shows in this wild dream-poem his unique faculty of finding visionary music for his visionary speech. Pure imagery and pure music work in

absolute harmony, giving us an excellent example of a production in which sound is married to the sense. The poet infuses the resonant quatrains with an indefinite witchery, which results in absolute melody and splendour. The versification, irregular, unusual as it is, possesses music and a swing which rivals some of the best-known lyrical compositions. The range and quality of imaginings embodied in this music create unearthly breathings and mysterious grandeur. The essence of the melody is in the fineness of the conception, in the poetic creativeness.

There is a clear suggestion of transient force behind the lines

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea"

and in line 18

"A mighty fountain momentarily was  
forced."

In order to heighten an impression, Coleridge often repeats phrases which seem particularly striking to him. In this poem we find the words "the sacred river" used three different times, and we also find the adjective "measureless" used twice to qualify "caverns." However, it is no doubt through this repetition of an image that the poet has managed to create the unearthly, mystic atmosphere which envelops the fragment.

The last two lines give the explanation of "Kubla Khan" in the final bit of his incoherent musings.

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Perhaps it is well that Coleridge did not finish this fragment, for it is not at all unlikely that he would have spoiled it. As it stands, it is a musical, imaginative, splendid curiosity in the English language.



## Exchange--To and Fro

By KATHERINE ARMSTRONG

Again we acknowledge the receipt of what we consider one of the highest types of college publications—**The Aurora** of Agnes Scott. The poems are realistic and artistic; the one story, "To the Unknown God," is intensely absorbing, which is due, not so much to any particular originality in plot, but rather to the charming style of its author, Grace Augusta Ogden. Two one-act plays, each entirely different in the kind of subject matter, yet are essentially similar in their skillful style and interest element.

\* \* \* \* \*

A peculiarly gripping story—"Gratis"—seems to us to be the best thing in Bryn Mawr's **The Lantern**. We had, we confess, expected a more varied table of contents. This February issue of **The Lantern** contains only a few stories and several poems. We miss the essays, editorials, book reviews and jokes which add so much variety and interest to a college magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Vanderbilt Alumnus** from Vanderbilt University at Nashville is a magazine full of forceful articles, interesting to students as well as to alumni of Vanderbilt. Pictures of students, faculty members and alumni, and campus scenes are scattered throughout.



Although not essentially a college magazine, **The Vanderbilt Alumnus** is certainly devoted to the best college interests.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wesleyan is just about the best college monthly publication that we have received as an exchange." This from **The Chronicle** of Clemson College, South Carolina is encouraging, and interesting as it appears in a magazine of worth. A prize essay on "Why We Come to College" contains one very note-worthy statement, namely "We do not go to college to store our minds with knowledge. This isn't the object. We store our minds with knowledge that in doing so we may give to the world a well lived life with all its benefits to man."





## *Spring Fancies*

By FRANCES HORNER

*Oh, it's springtime!  
And the buds and songsters rare  
Think it's high time  
All their beauties to compare;  
For they hang upon the bough,  
Fly, and flutter, that is how  
All their music is transmitted to my heart.*

*And the flowers  
Fill the air with fragrance sweet  
In the bowers.  
All their colors do compete  
For the brightest and the fairest  
Often do outclass the rarest  
And the harmonious are master works of art.*





## Tit for Tat

By MARTHA BROWN

"Fa-father, you mean I can't see him again?"

Mr. Riley was seated in his lounging chair in the library. The puffs of smoke from his pipe which came faster and faster made the atmosphere of the room close and oppressive. His daughter, Margaret, stood at the window clinging nervously to the window curtain.

"Indeed you cannot," roared Mr. Riley. "At least not until I have finished these sweet scented epistles of love. The idea of a slick, shiny, springy, dancing teacher daring to make love to my daughter. Oh, that your mother had never sent you to take lessons from him!"

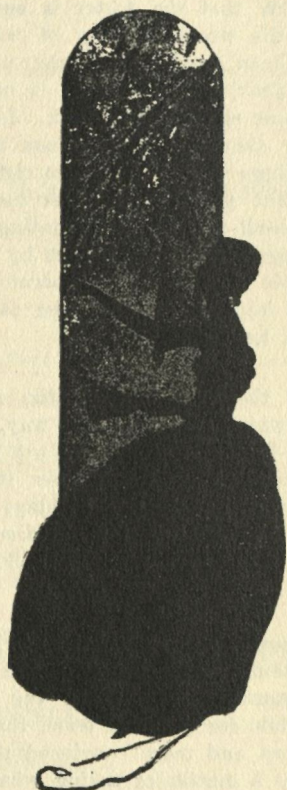
Little Mrs. Riley, who had just slipped into the room, heaved a deep sigh and ardently murmured the same words.

Mr. Riley continued. "Margaret, hand me the letters from my desk drawer. Here is the key; your mother locked them up for me. I believe I was near the end of the packet."

Poor Mrs. Riley became visibly agitated. Finally she sat down just inside the door and began to twitch her handkerchief nervously.

"Now this one," said Mr. Riley, "reads thus: 'Darling, you are divine. Your hair, your eyes, your lips belong to angels!' Ah, angel, indeed! Margaret, he flatters you. You are not simple, but there are defects. Another one says—eh! what's this? 'Your parents cannot object to anything but my poverty. I love you, dear girl, won't you leave with me tonight?' The scoundrel! Just let me at him."

"Father, father, just a moment," the




girl rushed to him, frantically holding him. "Charles never suggested that. Oh, father he didn't know you'd object. See father, this is signed John—his name isn't John. It's—why father, it must be yours written to Margaret, my mother, and—it's—It's dated twenty years ago."

Mr. Riley sank into his chair, completely overcome. "Eh, how did this manage to get in here?"



# The Catch-All

By MAMIE HARMON

 NOW that the Jester is out, and the world's supply of wit has been used up or the present year, it seems there is nothing left for our struggling column. In fact, it really should take its place among those things that "are better left unsaid." But ye editor assures me that the Catch-all is a tradition, dating back to the days when it was signed by really worthwhile initials, and therefore it must be kept up—so, for the sake of tradition, here goes.

\* \* \*

Really the best joke of the spring season (which season by the way, tried to begin before it was ready to) is our Easter holidays. Did you ever stop to wonder why our Easter holidays were a thing of the distant, but not dim past, before Easter ever really got here at all?

\* \* \*

Our courses are supposed to be, to a small extent at least, elective. But when people start worrying over the good, old schedule for the next term, they become more and more convinced that it is merely a matter of taking what you can get. All of which reminds me of my next-door-neighbor's pet joke on his wife. He says most men do marry who (no, he didn't say whom) they please, but he had to marry who he could get. Such is life (so they say).

\* \* \*

We had expected to fill up a whole sheet of paper by telling everybody who they was, but the Jester beat us to it. Such is life (as I know.)

\* \* \*

Back in the good old days before spring holidays, there were a lot of mumps patients, so I have heard, tearing their hair over the problem of absences. Of course Dr. Greene, having absences



just naturally on the brain anyway, felt called upon to deliver an opinion on the problem. So—he said that he thought hereafter we would be compelled to make mumps an entrance requirement to keep students from losing credits after they got here. I think it is a pretty good idea, myself (mumps having been one of my most youthful indiscretions.) We really should have a more select student body. I don't believe in letting the riff-raff into a school like Wesleyan.

\* \* \*

Celestia says that if you don't get mad playing basketball, why you can't get mad.



One of these wise birds remarked the other day that if the hymn-book were printed with only one hymn in it, Wesleyan would never know the difference—provided of course that one was “Lead on, O King Eternal.” It would be a great saving of money. Let’s draw up some resolutions on the subject.

\* \* \*

Not long ago Mr. Smith gave a lecture on Einstein and I went (when I didn’t even have to) to display my thirst for knowledge. And I learned a lot that I don’t know yet. Katherine Lowe said she had been thinking all these years that gravitation held her down, and now that Mr. Smith has assured her that it doesn’t, she doesn’t know what is going to become of her.

\* \* \*

The following conversation took place at the senior table the other day in connection with tennis (all of which goes to prove how athletically minded the seniors are anyway.)

I. D. H.—Who is this Bye girl anyway?

Peck—She must be a senior—she’s been here ever since I’ve been here.

Wilder—Whoever she is she must be a mighty punk player, because she gets beat every time.

(Problem: Which of the above-mentioned young ladies was speaking seriously?)

\* \* \*

There is just one thing I’ve got to say about all these high-falutin folks that go to “opry”—I hope they know all they act like they know.

\* \* \*

If we are going swimming for our diplomas next May as the Jester predicts, I’m going to insist that mine be printed in waterproof ink.

\* \* \*

I don’t mean to be stealing from James Whitcomb or anything like that, but I would like to end with a fine literary touch, which by the way explains the cause for said ending: “Nuthin’ to say my daughter, I aint got nuthin’ to say.”

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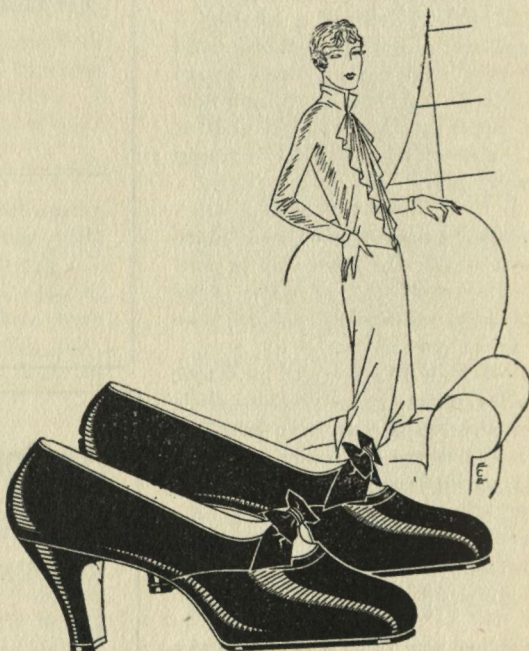
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## AUNT CORNELIA

(Continued from page 13)

died before she was twenty!"

Here Aunt Cornelia's snappish brown eyes lost their snappishness for several fleeting seconds, and then,

"Oh, Martha! Did I ever tell you about the funeral? Cousin Jim Alderman from New York was there. Now Cousin Jim married your great Aunt Elizabeth's daughter, Jennie, and they—"

Mother motioned for me to go tell Robert to bring in an oak log for the fire. Accordingly, I didn't hear the details concerning the funeral of the unfortunate girl whose fate should serve as a warning to me. For when I returned Aunt Cornelia was discussing the results of a shopping trip.

"Yes, I have always intended getting something to use with the lace your grandfather brought me from Brussels. Your grandfather was a most remarkable man, Martha. He always used to say, 'Woman's place is in the home.' And I certainly agree with him. I never shall forget poor Miss Lucy Kelly. You remember she went up North to study law. Well, they say that, when she died, she left nearly a hundred thousand dollars which was made by speeches defending thieves and such common white trash. They say if she had lived a year or two longer she would have been elected to the legislature. But, my dear, I know for a fact that Miss Lucy never had a proposal in her life! Men don't want to marry women whom people will suspect of having any more sense than they."

By this time I was again comfortably settled before the fire with my book but somehow with Aunt Cornelia's arrival its charm had vanished. How could one read Amy Lowell when Aunt Cornelia was saying,

"Now your cousin Anna always put raisins in her plum pudding, but my Aunt Caroline put currants in hers. They said it made quite a bit of differ-

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ence in it, too. By the way, Martha, while I am here I want you to teach Mary Eunice to make bread-pudding like Cousin Anna used to make, and I want to start her to work on a sampler, too. Why, when I was a girl her age I had nearly finished mine."

"But, Aunt Cornelia," mother protested. "Girls of this generation don't have time to embroider and cook."

"Yes, I know," sighed Aunt Cornelia, "The only think of dancing, drinking, and smoking. I don't know what is going to become of them!"

Then with eyes brighter than ever she turned toward me. "One thing is certain; my niece must take time to learn the family tree. When I was her age, I knew every branch of it by heart."

"Well," said Mother. "Since I must

go see about dinner, suppose you tell Mary Eunice about our esteemed ancestor, Major John Alderman, and his arrival in America."

The hands of the clock stopped, it seemed to me, and every second was an aeon. I was nearly drowned in a sea of family history. At last, Aunt Cornelia, disgusted at my inability to comprehend just how closely we are related to Zachary Taylor, had to depart to dress for dinner and I was left with my book, the once again dying embers, and my thoughts.

Some day I, too, shall be old. Some day I, too, shall dwell in the past. Some day I shall be impatient with youth, with the living, with anything new. Some day I, too, shall be somebody's Great Aunt—their Great Aunt Mary Eunice!

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## MEMORIES

(Continued from page 14)

was the overseer.

During the year following the building of our nest I was kept very busy. Because we had lost time when we built our new nest, the other old ants and I had to work doubly hard during the summer to store away enough food for the coming winter. We had to work hard all day with only enough rest to eat lunch, and sometimes we worked all night—besides having to help collect insects, honey, honey dew, and fruit, I had to hunt and help keep our new nest clean. Several times in the midst of work my colony would be attacked by enemies—flies, mites, or other ant tribes. We had some good fighters in our tribe, and we put up a good fight with the result that we usually overcame our opponents.

Our biggest battle, which was the greatest event in my life, occurred a few days ago. How well I remember it! There was a tribe of smaller ants who lived on the other side of the field. I noticed that they were spying on us a great deal, and I had heard that they wanted our nests and colony for their own. One morning before any of the ants in our colony had awakened they invaded our nests in large numbers. We were at a disadvantage, being hemmed in, but, because we were superior in size, we were able to force them out of our nests. When we got on equal ground with them, we were able to show our superiority in fighting. A fierce battle raged. We realized that we were fighting for our honor, our homes, our children, and our lives. We were determined to conquer or die. In the end we were victorious, but many on both sides had been killed; others had been divested of members of their bodies. About two hours after the battle my brother, whom I had missed, returned home and told me of a very interesting experience that he had had. He and an ant of the opposing tribe

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were fighting on a piece of stick. A man, Thoreau, came and stood over and watched them. Finally he took the stick, on which the two ants were fighting, to his house and placed it in the window. The ants continued fighting. At last my brother killed the other ant, leaving him dead on the stick. Then he, wounded himself, crawled slowly homeward. I see him sleeping now. He has not been able to crawl since the battle, but has improved greatly in the last two days.

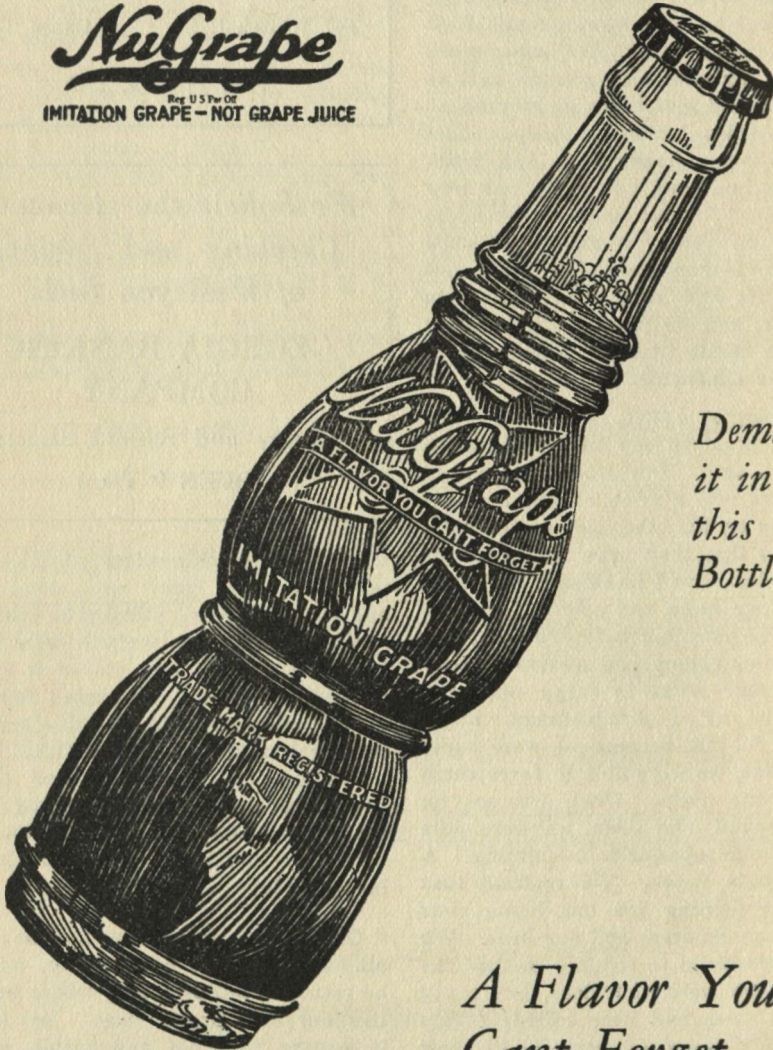
Oh, I wonder what will become of us all. I hope that, before long, we will be returned to our colony where we can live our own happy lives. My father is getting very old and feeble, and I have heard the rumor that I will be made king in his place. I would be happy if I could spend my last days ruling over the people that I love with all my heart.



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## DANGER

(Continued from page 12)

Then one day there came excitement at home. Cecil was killed. The building across the street was under repair, and a falling brick had killed him as he stood there besides his car talking to a friend. Yet his death brought little change in the household. Cecil had been silent and shut up in himself all his life. He had not left the vacancy that the ever jolly Ralph had. Somehow Cecil had not seemed like a brother to Carl. Yet he noticed that his father felt the boy's death greatly and seemed to want to get closer to his remaining son.

Father and son sat alone at the breakfast table. Carl wondered if his mother made that meal more homelike before

her death. His father must have felt the constraint too, for he dismissed the servants, put down his paper, and looked at his son. "You are all I have left now, Carl. I have always had a great fear for the dangerous and yet it always looks around the corner. I tried to protect my boys, but all a father's love could not keep Cecil here. The letter I had from Ralph yesterday said he was in active service and daily undertakes all kinds of dangerous missions. I have no hope of ever seeing him again. You said I should be proud of him some day. I am beginning to weaken. I am proud of him, Carl, but what a comfort it is to have you here out of danger and to know that my business will be in safe hands after I die. You have to be three boys in one for me now. I have done my best to protect you and be for you all that your mother would have been. I will admit to you now that I shall be proud of Ralph always, but that you will be the greatest help to me."

After that father and son became very close. Together they read the

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news of fighting in Europe. Together they went over the few letters that came from Ralph.

It was Carl who received news first that Ralph was missing. He was more considerate of his father than he would have been a month before. He placed his father in a comfortable chair and began to talk of Ralph's work.

"It is strange how many are reported missing and are found later, isn't it, father? Think how bravely those boys have faced the fire and how proud their people must be of them even if they meet death. After all, we must all die, and it is glorious to die for one's country."

"Carl, you have changed my whole attitude about the war. And I am not the only one you have changed. You have done your country a greater service by refusing to fight for it than you could ever do on the battle field."

"You are mistaken, father, it is wonderful to live for one's country, but it is so much greater to be brave enough, strong enough to die for it. Oh, that I might swap places with Ralph! Father, he is reported missing, but it does not mean he is dead. Do not grieve for him, father, but be proud that you had a son worthy, a son brave enough to offer on the altar of democracy. Oh father, please look up to God and hope for the best. Your face is breaking my heart. Can't you cry out, do something, don't look so heart-broken!"

A sad smile played about the older man's lips as he took his son's hand in his. "Even when I knew he had gone to face the greatest dangers, Ralph seemed too much alive for me to believe he could ever die. Even now I can still hope because I have you here with me. If you had gone I could not have lived through all this sorrow."

They hoped and trusted on, but the weeks sped by and there was still no news of Ralph. Carl was with his father constantly now, and he felt that his father had really loved best the son who had dared to place his country before his father. His father was always tender to him and showed his love in many ways, but Carl knew that he was living on the hope that Ralph would come back. His father was old and could not face trouble as he once could.

The war continued, and still there was no news of Ralph. Boys were leaving for the front almost daily. Carl's friends looked upon him as a slacker and his heart called out more and more for him to go. But his father needed him now, and he could not go even if he had the courage to strike out for

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himself. Besides he was doing a great work for his country over here. Little did he care if he received no praise as long as he knew he was helping his country. It was hard and yet he showed himself to be as brave as he had ever hoped to be, but it was in such a different way that he did not realize that he was being brave. While he wanted to face guns he faced what hurts much more, public opinion. Great things he did for his country he kept secret just as the spy on the battlefield must keep his brave deeds a secret.

Carl found he was losing friends who were frantic over war work and still he worked on in silence, too proud to show them where they were wrong. His father saw and understood. Much as he loved the boy he dared not let him know he knew of his work. They were making money fast, but his son and younger partner drew out all his private money, and no one knew what became of it. He made his father dismiss all servants except the cook, and he did wonderful work among the poor and especially among the children.

No one knew how Carl wished to sacrifice when, really, he was making

a great sacrifice for his father.

One day Carl was busy with some papers. His father was buried in the morning newspaper. The breakfast between them lay untouched. The door bell rang, and Carl rose absent-mindedly to answer it. "Only the postman," he called back to his father who had not turned his gaze from the paper. But the next moment he had rushed back into the room excitedly waving a letter before his father.

"It is from Ralph. He must be alive. Oh, do open it, father." Together the two poured over the letter.

"Dear old Dad:

"I wonder if you thought they had me this time. They did come mighty near it, for my plane went down on the enemy's line. They got me then and carried me back to prison. It was almost unbearable staying there doing

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nothing, never knowing whether we were gaining or losing. You folks back home don't understand. It doesn't matter so much to you or you would be in it. Carl can never know the torture I went through of never knowing anything to do, of not fighting for my country. It wasn't the imprisonment that mattered; it was the uselessness.

"Now I am out I am making up for lost time. I wish I might tell you what I am doing but the letter would be censored so what is the use? Do not worry about me for I will come home safely when the war is over. So far I have not received a scratch.

"It is time for me to get my plane in order. Send us more men, more money, and more food, and please send me news. That is what I want most of all.

"Ralph."

Three months later the war was over and Ralph sailed for America. He cabled home the day he sailed. That very afternoon Carl was crossing the street when a girl of eleven skated across in front of him. She was an attractive child and; he turned to watch her. Some one called to her, and she skated back to meet a schoolmate, then she turned to skate back across the

street again. At the same instant a heavy truck came swinging around the corner. Carl called a warning to her. She heard him, wavered a second, turned to one side, tripped and fell headlong before the oncoming truck. Carl was at her side instantly, fell himself as he stooped to pick her up, shoved her to safety but did not escape the truck. There was a grinding of brakes, but all too late. The last Carl saw was a blue dress, yellow curls, and a frightened little face but he knew she was safe.

In the hospital his father was bending over him when he regained consciousness.

"Father," he said softly, "do not worry about me. Ralph is coming back to care for you. At last I too have had the privilege of making a sacrifice. I have met danger face to face and did not hesitate. At last I have had my share of excitement. Father, I—I have always wanted this—I shall die happy—tell Ralph he is not the only—" and he dropped back with a smile upon his face.

Ralph returned to find his father much changed. No longer did he rage when angry, but often he would gaze into space and say, "Those who make the greatest sacrifices are never known. Those who face the greatest dangers find them at home." And Ralph would agree, and think of his two brothers who were afraid to go to the war.

MR. ROBIN, JR.

(Continued from page 9)

birds. We tried to drive them away, but they would not go for some time. However, much to our relief, they did not hurt any of us.

Since our babies have left home, Robinette and I have been enjoying ourselves. We often go to the big house where the people give us good things to eat. We sing and play in the trees and on the lawn, and have nothing to worry us from morning till night. However, it is growing cool again. Robins fly past here every day. Winter is coming; so we must soon be on our way to the south.

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## THE EVEN TENOR OF THE WAY

(Continued from page 19)

girl would ask" came the low answer with a tinge of pettish sarcasm.

An indignant "Hump!" came from between the bannisters.

"Well, I have done everything but monopolize the conversation at a dinner party with a learned dissertation on the authenticity of the existence of Conan Doyle, Henry L. Mencken, and Johnnie Spencer. Would you have me do this?"

Though no breeze was stirring, the leaves of the vine entwining the bannisters quivered and there came a sighing sound from there.

"Nonsense, Richard, you act all right. I know, I would love you if I just didn't take you for granted and if there were anything that a young man could do in this day and time to excite the heart of a lady from the even tenor of its beating. But let's be serious and talk about that piece of modern poetry I clipped from the paper for you to read."

"Well, if that is the order of the night, let's do it. But, first, let me say that I'm used to being called 'Rich,' if you please. Richard sounds too much like Poor Richard's Almanac. I may be poor, but I'm not advertising it by going by the name of Richard."

A loud "Oh!" of admiration coming from the darkness of the flower bed brought those two pink slippers running to the edge of the porch. A pair of slender white hands reached down and caught hold of two sticky, dirty ones and tried in vain to pull the spectator from her place of hiding.

The moment the larger hands of the man grasped the victim's the discovered eavesdropper scrambled up to the porch and over the rail with scarcely any aid from the hands she still tightly clasped.

"What do you mean, Clarissa?" insisted Dorothea in an indignant undertone. "An eleven year old girl ought to know better than to act so abominably. Mother shall hear of this."

At this threat, Clarissa looked up at Richard with her left eye brow raised



and the left corner of her lips twirled up and then grinned as though to say in sympathy, "There she goes again. This time it is me. But it's you too, sometimes."

Richard smiled. Clarissa inhaled a deep breath and smiled up at him as she slowly exhaled the air. "Dorothea Jefferson, Rich is so nice. I don't see why he likes you, you treat him so mean." Ignoring her sister's stern knitting of eye brows, Clarissa looked at Rich for encouragement and continued. "Cose you're pretty and have cute clothes 'n' good sense about some things, but you put on too much airs around Rich and act like you think Rich's just like every other boy in town and you don't like him a bit better than the rest when you know you do!"

By this time Dorothea's frown had become a look of sullen determination. At the last words Clarissa assumed a sanctified expression which was all Rich needed to make him burst into whole-hearted laughter.

Dorothea waxed indignant. "You may laugh on. As for me, I'm going in. You may finish your date with Clarissa." Before Rich could control his laughter there was no evidence of Dorothea's presence but there was an echoing slam of the screen door and the angry patter of the pink pumps going up the stairway in the hall.

Now it was Clarissa who smiled and flounced herself down into the swing. She scraped the soft dirt of the flower bed from her brogans in the very spot where a little before her sister's dainty pumps had stood.

Ominous silence followed the discontinuance of Rich's laughter. He slumped down into his accustomed corner of the swing for lack of the will and the energy to leave in a hurry as Dorothea had.

His dissatisfied, unhappy thoughts were holding full sway over him. He did not notice the wistful brown eyes watching him or he would have thought Clarissa sick, so mischievous was the usual light in her eyes.

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APRIL 14-15—SIEGE  
APRIL 16-17—WHEN THE DOOR OPENED  
APRIL 19-20—THE RUNAWAY  
APRIL 21-22—HIS PEOPLE  
APRIL 23-24—COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS  
APRIL 26-27—MONEY TALKS  
APRIL 28-29—SATAN IN SABLES  
APRIL 30-MAY 1—THE GOLDEN STRAIN

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APRIL 9-10—CHIP OF THE FLYING U  
APRIL 12-13—THE EAGLE  
APRIL 14-15—WILD JUSTICE  
APRIL 16-17—THAT WESTERN PLUCK  
APRIL 19-20—LARRAINE OF THE LIONS  
APRIL 21-22—THE IRON HORSE  
APRIL 23-24—THE LUCKY HORSESHOE  
APRIL 26-27—THE MAN IN BLUE  
APRIL 28-29—THE MERRY WIDOW  
APRIL 30-MAY 1—BLACK LIGHTNING



Ten minutes of silence. Then, out of the darkness of the garden near the home came a low whistle. Rich turned, but, when no sound came to him but the alto snore of Mr. Jefferson as he dozed over the evening paper just inside the screen door, he settled again into his posture of deep but disagreeable thought.

Clarissa cleared her already clear throat with an affected "Uh-h-h-h-h" and jiggled the swing. Again, the low whistle. This time Rich arose and walked to the edge of the steps.

No sooner had he arrived there than up jumped Clarissa with nervous agility and came up to him explaining, "Rich, it's just Martha Sue out there. I was to let her know when I got you around to agreeing to our plan."

"What in creation do you mean?" Rich blurted out with a questioning wrinkle appearing on his high forehead and a shadow taking the place of the usual clearness of his blue eyes.

"Lemme get Martha Sue first, hear, Rich? I've been screwing up my nerve and limbering up my tongue all this time to tell you the reason for it, but I guess I need Martha Sue's help."

"You didn't know that you were going to get to talk to me alone before Dorothea left, did you?" he asked as she puckered up her lips to whistle to her chum.

"Well, eh, well—you see I thought I would make her mad. I just trusted to luck that she'd get mad. I was afraid I was going to have to tell Martha Sue to go on home. Then you laughed 'n' off she went."

"I never heard of such nonsense! I guess you and Martha Sue were planning to get rid of me for your sister. You can carry out the rest of your plan without me."

When he returned with his hat in his hand, Martha Sue as well as Clarissa were awaiting him on the top step. Feigning indifference, he started down

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the steps without glancing at them. Immediately the two determinedly placed themselves between him and the bottom of the steps.

He tried to evade them by gently pushing them aside. But, when he saw the dark smudge on his new straw hat, he decided to hear what they had to say.

Glancing up at the window which always caught his eye as he passed and seeing no light, he daringly disregarded the price of having his white flannels cleaned and, with complete abandon, seated himself on the steps.

The youthful conspirators took their places on either side of him. Rich felt that never before had he so completely wasted time as now. However, he did not look forward with any happiness to being alone with his thoughts. He imagined what a predicament he would be in tomorrow when he would sue for reconciliation.

Clarissa broke in upon his musings. "Rich, do you really truly love Dot?" she asked. The seriousness of her voice filled the silence that followed.

Realizing that there was some motive in her question, Rich used the old method of stalling by answering a question with another. "Why do you ask?"

Martha Sue took upon herself the burden of an answer. "She just wants to be sure you want to hear our plan. We—we don't know a boy in Jefferson we like better than you. 'N', why it's just tyranny the way Dot treats you! That's what Miss Jinks said the other day in history when she meant the awfulest way you could act, wasn't it Issie?"

It was later than usual when Rich left Dorothea's home after taking leave of the two little girls that night. Mrs. Allen next door had heard the glad laughter of the girls mingled with the chuckles of the young man. The low excited voices had caused her to move her rocker to the edge of her veranda nearest the Jefferson home. She had heard nothing but the murmur, but she





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had seen the group and noticed the absence of Dorothea. She had wondered what on earth could be keeping Rich there talking to those two infants. More perplexed than ever she was when she saw the young man solemnly shake the hands of the girls, doff his hat to them with a graceful bow as he stepped back and turned away to stroll leisurely down the street. Why he gave them the same respectful attention that he would give to a debutante on Main street in the afternoon before the eyes of the whole community.

The next afternoon Rich 'phoned the Jefferson home. Clarissa answered the call and, when he asked for Dorothea, she ran down the hall calling at the top of her lusty young voice, "Dot, oh Do-ot, tel-hu-phone!"

Rich heard her reply, "Who is it?" and Clarissa's, "It's Rich," then her "Tell him I'm not at home."

Before he realized what was happening, Clarissa's shout was deafening him.

"Ma-ma, Dot says she is not home and she is! Make her answer the phone."

The last few words showed by their gradually lowered tone that she was being dragged away from the phone. A moment went by while Rich mopped his forehead and wondered what was coming next.

A cool "Hello" answered his thought. A hesitant "Hello" answered her. He plunged into his pleading with feverish haste as if the receiver at the other end of the line was suspended over the hook ready to be hung up any moment.

His request for a date brought forth the reply that she had another engagement. He asked for dates for the next night, the next, the next until he had gone through two weeks. Each time the answer was the same as the first.

After an hour of quibbling, of much retorting at one end of the line, and much beseeching at the other, he secured the promise of an opportunity to take her to the ice cream parlor at

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5:45 and bring her back at 6.

At 5:45 Rich in an immaculate white suit graciously assisted Dorothea in descending the steps and passing the shrubs that bordered the walk without spotting her becoming white sport suit whose black trimming intensified the beauty of her curly black bob and her black eyes striving now to hide their gleam under the shadow of calm indifference.

As the couple passed Martha Sue's house, Rich winked behind her head at the two chums sitting on the lawn and hammering away at a pair of rusty skates.

"Why do they have to pull out those old things in the summer?" she asked petulantly.

Rich smiled, not because the remark was pleasant, for it was not, but because she had condescended at last to speak.

They had gone back to the old status by the time they had reached the spot where the pavement ran along the side of the river. Rich stopped walking and looked down the river at the few boats filled with fishing parties returning home and the rays of the still bright sun scientillating in the water. Though she took a hasty glimpse of her watch, Dorothea paused, too.

Rich began to talk rapidly about a warehouse his uncle and he were planning to build. He pointed out the site they had selected, but, while she was looking at it, he was glancing back into the street they had just left.

He quickly wound up his remarks about the warehouse and took her arm to proceed to their destination. They had gone but a fourth of a block when a shriek caused them to whirl around. They saw the figure of Clarissa fairly flying towards them on the skates she had been tinkering with a little while before. Martha Sue was running after her. It was she that had screamed for she was shrieking again.

Dorothea and Rich saw why she was frightened although she knew what a skillful skater her friend was. Clarissa



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was heading straight for the pavement along the margin of the river. Rich and Dorothea realized that there was no railing there. They started running and reached the place just as Clarissa plunged from the pavement and into the water as only a weighted object can.

Not even seeing Dorothea's startled face, not thinking of his white suit, he dived in, coat, hat, and all. It took but a few minutes to bring the child to the surface, to free her from the heavy skates and shoes, and to swim with her to a place of landing a few feet up the river.

The crowd that had gathered were indeed puzzled to see Rich pause to scold and argue with the child before ascending to the street.

Dorothea had all she could do to try to quiet Martha Sue who was crying as if her heart would break and refused to be comforted even though Dorothea kept telling her that Rich had saved her chum.

It was a quiet four that walked home, but never was there a more thoughtful group. Clarissa and Rich in their wet clothes walked in front. They both wore an injured air as if some one had broken a pledge made to them. Martha Sue was still choking down sobs. Dorothea's mood in contrast with the others seemed one of happiness. Those glances made now and then upon the two ahead could not be those of dissatisfaction or anger.

When the gate before the house was reached, Clarissa asked "Dorothea, you go tell Mama how it happened. She might not listen to me before she'd take measures to punish—"

"I know. I'll be back in a jiffy," she promised as she ran into the house.

Martha Sue's sobs ceased immediately. "Wasn't it grand? You didn't know we could think up such a good plan, did you? Didn't I cry real?"

Clarissa shivered but giggled delightfully as she said, "Rich, I believe it worked. Why do you frown so? You ought not to have fussed at me for



doing it. Don't you see how she looks at us?"

"Clarissa, you might have drowned with those skates dragging you down. You know I would never have agreed to this. I agreed to let you try your plan because I thought it harmless and childish. If you had drowned, I would have been the cause of it. Why did you do it?"

Tears appeared in Clarissa's brown eyes. Whether from belated fright or hurt pride, Rich could not decide. "But, Rich, it came out all right," she answered appealingly. "Dot was thrilled to death."

"I will have to explain to her anyway what a fool I was to agree to your plan without hearing it. I let you risk your life, then rescued you. Isn't that heroism for you? She's got reason enough to see it's just like stealing a spoon from a lady and giving it back to her as a present. Aw shux!

"But, you may be foolhardy, Clarissa, but you are as plucky as anyone I ever knew. I thank God nothing happened to you."

When Mrs. Jefferson and Dorothea came to the door and beckoned to them to come in, they saw Rich sitting on the steps with an arm around each of the girls. Mrs. Allen next door was watching them from her rocker on her porch with a questioning, incredible stare.

The incredible element vanished when she saw the young man in his bedraggled suit talking to Dorothea. The questioning look remained, but it was overshadowed by a smiling look of understanding as she saw the boy eagerly explaining something and the girl laughing away what seemed his deprecations of himself judging from her husband's way of doing this. The girl seemed to apologize, but she was stopped so quickly by the boy that Mrs. Allen has imagined many times what method she

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would have used to stop her if she had not been staring at them.

So vital was the tone in which Dorothea said one thing that Mrs. Allen distinctly heard her. She has been wondering ever since what the girl could have meant. It was "Rich, there will never be any more even tenor of its way."

Despite his appearance, Rich's voice did not sound like that of a person who had to walk three blocks of the chief residence street of the town in a not quite dry rough dried once white suit covered with red clay especially when he was sure that all the residents would be on their porches.

This was Mrs. Allen's decision when he called to Dorothea from the gate, "See you tonight," and sauntered down the street.

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## *New Wesleyan Staff*

This is to announce The Wesleyan staff for 1926-1927, who will be initiated into the mystery, pleasure, pain and otherwise, of getting out a college magazine. Members of the new staff will assist the present editors on the last issue of The Wesleyan, appearing the latter part of May.

The new staff comprises:

ALBERTA BELL.....	Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET CHAPMAN.....	} Associate Editors
MARY EUNICE SAPP.....	
EVELYN AVEN.....	Business Manager
VIRGINIA STURRS.....	} Advertising Managers
CLARA NELL HARGROVE.....	
MAIDEE MEEKS.....	Circulation Manager
SARAH ADDITON.....	Senior Literary Editor
MAUDE McGEHEE.....	Junior Literary Editor
CLARKE RAMSEY.....	Sophomore Literary Editor
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